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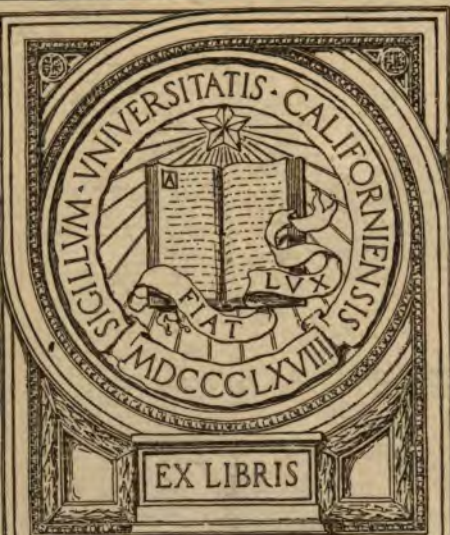
SMILES &  
REFLECTIONS



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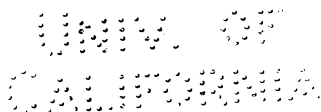


# SMILES AND REFLECTIONS

BY  
SHELDON CORNELIUS CLARK



O, Friend! Prithee that this book be read,  
Whether thy hair be so or not!  
Titian curls some praise in girls,  
But they were soon forgot.  
— *From the fly-leaf of an old book.*



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TO VINU  
AMPHOTLIAO

To  
J. F. R.,  
WHOSE SIMPLE LIFE, ARTISTIC NATURE  
AND NOBLE SOUL SHINE, AS A GUIDING STAR  
IN THE NIGHT OF A DREARY WORLD,  
THESE LINES  
ARE LOVINGLY INSCRIBED  
BY THE AUTHOR.

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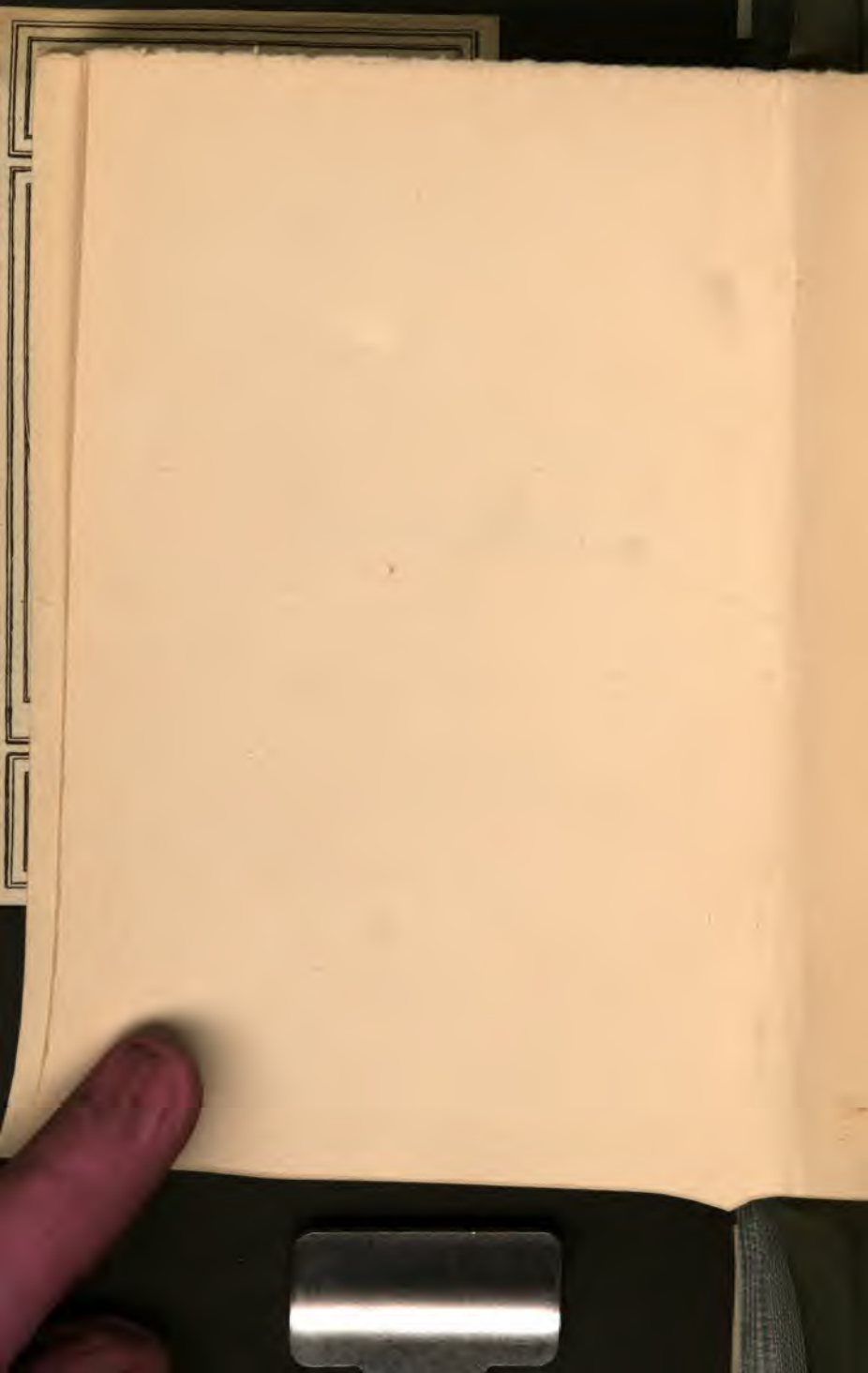
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## SMILES AND REFLECTIONS

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FORWARD

Oh! Muse of the Master of Song!  
Strike now his humble lyre,  
With a hand, steady and strong,  
Give warmth to his lines from thy fire;  
From Delphic grot, lend now thy tho't  
And charm of mythic life and lore  
To modern tho't, and the things it brought  
To us,—never heard of before!

O, with thy sunbeams, his body fill;  
And, Beautiful God, with thy science flood  
His mind and memory, until,  
In strength of his own god-hood, red blood  
Shall flow, as each true line shall glow  
With Life, as it is,—or ought to be;  
And, as fast as can be, he will the man be,  
Who, for many years, he fought to be!

70 1111  
AMERICAN

## SMILES AND REFLECTIONS

### PRELUSIVE

Smiles look beyond the pessimistic veil  
Into the secret place where Joys prevail;—  
Where grows the Poet's Flower in crannied wall,  
Which to know and understand, root and all,—

Is the Wisdom of the Sages,  
The meaning of "the Mills of God,"  
Where Time, his merciless feet have trod  
Through all the changing ages.

And never Loving Smile,  
Through all this weary while,  
Showed, like some poor, blind creature groping,  
But with Youth Immortal, went forward Hoping.

### I.

### A MESSAGE OF GOOD CHEER

The temperamental determination  
In him who will not grouch and scoff  
At this great world of all creation,  
Wears a Smile that won't wash off.

He makes his happiness right here,  
In pleasant home for human folks,  
In spirit of service and good cheer,  
Combined with Joyous little jokes.

He lifts the doubtful, gloomy curtain,  
Lights the prospect on the way;  
Gives you hope of being certain  
Of a place on "Easy Street" some day!

In love with thought and laws and work,—  
The trinity of all success,—  
With courage new, he scorns to shirk  
The task that spells the word, "possess."

Thoughts and laws all know their ways,  
And guided by them, thru works and days,  
With purpose one, if he aspire,  
He will realize his heart's desire.

Desires produce after their kind;  
Parents are they in the human mind.  
Wish what you will, tho' you still grope,  
There are no bounds to lawful hope.

KEEP THE LAW OF THY MEMBERS, AND OF  
THY MIND,—

And what you WILL, shall you surely find;  
Not what you read, nor what was seen,  
But what in your Heart you really have BEEN.

I know not what powers there be  
In stars to guide our Destiny;  
But this I know: All that's wrought  
Is Seed and Fruit of Cosmic Thought.

As the seed of wheat, or the seed of dates,  
The Life will be as the Thought creates;  
The product of the busy Mind,  
The outward expression of its kind.

Whatever work man essays to frame,  
He, himself, must be the same.  
Made of the stuff within the soul,  
Until to the vision appears the whole.

Know what you want to do, then hold  
The Thought unwavering and bold.  
Do every day what should be done,  
You approach your Goal each setting sun.



## II.

### THE POWER OF SMILES

Power is the Smile on the face of Beauty,  
Whence men act from other sense than duty;  
Where two red lips and two brown eyes  
Conspire to work their mysteries.

Who said the gods had flown away?  
Apollo's music yet fills the air,  
His virgin sister joins him in play  
Where Venus watches debonair!

The drama of the hour is set  
Quite different from the old,—  
But, if you look with care, you'll get  
The old, old Stories all retold.

This subtle power, for seven years,  
Involved the Greeks, in blood and tears,  
For Beautiful Helen and a Royal Boy,  
To encamp about the walls of Troy.

O, many a sacred, secret trust  
Has come to naught thru Beauty-lust!  
Missions of many weary miles  
Have failed by the coy of Woman's Smiles.

Men work with zeal, like boys at play,  
Till woman enters—then the de-el to pay!  
Good sense forgot, they act like gabies;  
Strong men anon become as babies.

Rivalry divides old friends,  
And Jealousy his venom lends,—  
All for this “rainbow painted on air,”  
Which happened along just then and there.

### III.

## THE ENCHANTRESS

With no other mermaids on hand to “fry,”  
Throw this in your skillet, and try  
To learn the wizzardry and wiles  
Of the varied TYPES of women’s smiles.

The conscious Enchantress, knowing her power,  
And you the victim have the “bones,”  
Chance, only, being her business hour,  
Like a market-woman, at once propones.

Think not, however, that her style  
Is that of market-woman, the while;  
She is luxurious and lazy,—  
All enchantresses are lazy.

She looks at you with wondering pity—  
Too fat of brain to be witty—  
She looks at you with query and surprise,  
And to herself she thus replies:

"I know that I'm no beauty prize,  
Yet this old trick of mouth and eyes  
Is going to bring this lobster across,—  
So big and strong, yet soft as moss!"

O, the humorous pity of it all!  
This man so strong, bulky and tall,  
Like Hercules in captivity  
To the Lydian queen, Omphale!

#### IV.

### THE CIRCE SMILE

Some encounter the Circe Smile.  
The groveling fool sees not the guile!  
He's fed, and toasted with the wine  
That turns him into filth of swine;  
Forgets his home, his friends, his pledges all  
And every sense of Duty's call;  
A travesty of man! In morals, sick,—  
A sore on the Body Politic!

The Circe Smile, with its dire spell,  
Links women with the powers of hell,—  
A fragrant narcotic, benumbing men's might  
By the Alchemy of Aphrodite.

V.

THE SMILE OF MONIED  
ARISTOCRACY

The Money Smile, cruel and bold,  
Seen, nowadays, on woman's face,—  
Exponent of congested gold,—  
Powerful, as a bear's embrace.

Arogant as frozen waters;—  
Not in the millionaire himself,  
But in the smiles of wife and daughters  
Lurk the curve of brutal pelf.

Her "fortune," indeed, is in her face;  
She smiles her consciousness of power;  
Forgotten is her childhood grace,—  
And this her life's high-tidal hour.

Now coldly does her smiles confess,  
That of all which this big world contains,  
She may, by simple wish possess,  
From "Hubby's" automatic gains.

VI.

WOMAN'S SMILES, THE SHEET-  
ANCHOR OF THE GOOD  
SHIP, EARTH

But be it far from every mind,  
That Women have not in Smiling wrought  
A greater Service to Mankind,  
Than all the ills they may have fraught.

Good women also smile; and doing so,  
'Tis then we only surely know  
What verily Is a smile; for then  
Bright heaven opens unto men.

What more delightful sight to see  
In the vast fields of constructive life,  
Than Home-coming of the father  
To happy children, cheerful wife?

Vera meets you at the door,  
George and Albert claim first kiss!  
And Mamma's Smile the cradle o'er,  
Declares the whole unuttered Bliss

Of this heaven-born Counsel of the Free!  
Miniature of the future State,  
Where Love is queen of Liberty,  
And Peace, the Comrade of her mate!

Our MOTHERS gave the world its men;  
They regard their sons with pride—and then  
Our masters blight the world with strife,  
And destroy for both, their peace and life.

Oh! the cruelty, withal!  
In light of JESUS' life and word,  
The Song of Peace and Heaven's call,—  
O sons of Mothers, pray SHEATHE the Sword!

## VII.

### THE BIRTH OF SMILES—THE TOKEN OF "A LIVING SOUL"

In Nature's vast elaboration,  
Amid the eons, there came a feast,—  
The fact and sign of separation  
Of human life, and that of beast.

"The sons of God" then walked the earth,  
And primal man on man then smiled;  
The infant, Joy, was swathed in Mirth,  
And Smiles were born to parent and child.

The crowning moment of a mother's joy,  
The greatest that our race may find,  
Is when first her baby boy  
Smiles answer of a Normal Mind.

Great libraries, with vast aisles  
Of books, and schools with many teachers,  
May not unfold the Soul as SMILES  
In faces with noble, inciting features.

The most invincible, occult force  
That men will meet in the wildwood  
Journey of a life-time course  
Is the Smile of Innocent Childhood.

And, if you offend such little one,  
It were well for you, you should not be;  
Better your neck should thread a millstone,  
And cast yourself into the sea!

Why? Because Instinctive Law of Race  
Protection all other laws replace!  
Give up Everything, but Mind  
And perpetuation of your kind!

If these you surrender, all is lost!  
The very Key-Stone of the world,  
And end Creation looked to most,  
Into nothingness and Chaos hurled!

#### VIII.

### POLARITY, THE LAW OF HARMONY AND CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE

Already, Cheer, like a rosy dawn,  
Stands tip-toe in propitious East,  
To greet you, whether of brain or brawn,  
To join our Brothers' Cosmic Feast.

But this great Presence none ever saw,  
Or fully knew its wonderous worth,  
Until Polarity's great Law  
In minds of thoughtful men found birth.



Knowing this law in their daily life,—  
For them there is no paradox;  
Knowing it not, we suffer strife,  
And half the ills of Pandora's box.

Things went wrong in the home today?  
You felt the derth of charity,—  
And thought a thousand miles away  
Not far?—It lacked Polarity.

In vast Nature's Duality,  
Her constant law Polarity,  
In pairs, reciprocating thru  
Every part of the Cosmos, true,—

Thru molecules, and systems of countless suns,  
The "law of twos" forever runs.  
Opposites pull from pole to pole.  
Things ALIKE, REPEL, body or soul.

Think not that in "field" of opposing poles  
Is a Force new-made. It is the cosmic power  
That in beauty made the world that rolls,—  
And making others, until this hour.

The cattle on a thousand hills,  
The seas of wheat and rice and corn,  
Great trees by the side of purling rills,  
All on the back of Polarity borne!

The law of the "Infra-World" and force  
Is the same as this, in its course;  
Atom-worlds 'round their centers whirl,  
And around their molecular centers curl.

Each Atom-Planet keeps its course,—  
A core of electro-motive force,—  
Itself moving between its poles,  
As round and round its center it rolls.

The Infra-World, itself a magnet,  
Changes its poles and maintains its force,  
With reference to its mate,—  
All attracted by each, each moving in course.\*

---

\*NOTE—The technicalities of the above theme do not accommodate themselves readily to metrical composition; but, if my reader desires to pursue it further, let him read a small book, "Two New Worlds," I. The Infra-World; II. The Supra-World, by E. E. Fournier, author of "The Electron Theory." Longmans, Green & Co., Publishers, London.—*The Author.*

IX.

THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE  
MODERN SCIENTIST

Light is the Lord of the world. It knows  
Its laws to perfection.  
Thruout the universe it flows  
In every direction.

The wizzardry of Modern Science,  
The symbol of almighty Truth,—  
Enjoys a million willing clients,  
And shows the world's eternal Youth!

Beauty is Truth and Truth is Force,—  
No secrets here to buy or sell,—  
The perfect three in Nature's course  
Observed by man, he will excell

In aspirations of our race.  
In tune with "music of the stars,"  
He will with Harmony replace  
The selfishness and pain that bars

Us from our high estate. For man—  
The paragon of life on earth,  
Since records of being below began,—  
With all his faults, has greatest worth.

\* \* \*

The law of the Sea is the law of the Soul;  
Its tides flow out, then inward roll.  
As it fills the harbor, so the spirit comes in  
And awakens the soul to new life within.

When the tide is out in the soul of you,  
And life seems full, and the whole of you  
Glutted with wealth and its seeming power,—  
You're high and happy in your hour.

But the tide come in, and you find YOURSELF  
The infinite Treasure, and not the pelf  
That made you so glad! YOU are the maker  
Of all that you worshipped! Also partaker

Of all that the Spirit of the spheres  
Has made.—Maker of the gods of men,  
Since Time began to count his years!  
Shall YOU then, be their Slave again?

X.

THE SIMPLE LIFE AND ITS  
CONTRAST—THEOLOGY

I tend my garden of soil and seed,  
And wait the warm and gentle showers;  
I clear my ground of grass and weed,  
And duly reap its fragrant flowers.

A partner of the sun am I;  
Content to do my work right here,  
Where song of bird and joy of sky  
Fill my hours with normal cheer.

The whole great world's too much for me;  
It buffets and baffles the student mind,  
Like drowning swimmer in a stormy sea,  
Grasping for all, I nothing find.

\* \* \*

I know not where my Home shall be,  
Nor how long within this Veil I may survive;  
I know, like streams, I travel toward the Sea  
Of Larger Life, and shall be ready when I arrive.

I do not know the features of that Home,—  
The Noble Scenes that will by view surprise;  
I know that when unto my place I come,  
'Twill be what then my life can REALIZE.

The Church shows jasper walls and 'golden streets';  
Golden harps, and one unceasing concert grand;  
A golden gate, a golden throne with jeweled seats!  
A kind of heaven that hints of Jewish brand.

The symbols of the lusty Turk present  
Also, pictures of his heart's desire;—  
The dreamy, luxurious, lascivious content  
That deadens souls in their self-centered fire.

It's pleasant to think in Symbols outlined,  
And image forth the pictures grand;  
But lost to truth and death to mind,  
Who forgets for what those Symbols stand.

In terms of matter we ever tho't of heaven;—  
Of "heathen" not again should we complain.  
The Christ and Socrates much the same have given;  
Their gifts, by Dogma, ne'er can we explain.

The Spirit of Truth must be discerned  
In Spirit sense,—as we have learned  
From loftier points than matter-sense ;  
And Spirit tho't and Spirit sense,  
Direct us to our Recompense.

XI.

COURAGE, SELF-CONTROL, KEEPING  
IN "TUNE"

We, the People, are children still.  
Folly fills the world with tears ;  
Formality and fear, with chill ;  
While Wisdom calls for manly cheers.

Cheer of a fearless heart and mind,  
Cheer of a soul, knowing how to rest  
In the Order of Nature, and be kind ;  
And to SMILE, having done your best !

Our best in effort is the bush  
Whereon our greatest joys bloom ;—  
When one *tries*, don't "knock," but push !  
For improvement there is always room.

When trained in heart and mind and will,  
And all are crowned with Self-control,  
Our Social life will then fulfill  
The aspirations of the Soul.

Then, joys innumerable shall be ;  
And smiles of Cheer, like a new day's birth,  
A happy Social world shall see,—  
The Marriage of the heaven and earth !

\* \* \*

A brave Smile is the rarest thing.  
'Tis rarer in life than charity ;  
It seems like a lark in the early spring,  
Great, because of its rarity.

Smiles the light of the world attend.  
Smile, and you drive gloom away ;  
Smile on the stranger who has no friend,  
And he will "smile on you," some day !

\* \* \*

From all life's ills you may be immune,  
As you travel the Open Road,  
If with factors Four you keep in "tune,"  
And joyously, carry the load :



In Tune with your Work, be it great or small,  
In Tune with How it is done, withal;  
In Tune with your Purpose, loving and true,  
In Tune with the Worker—that's YOU!

XII.

A RECONNOISSANCE OF TWO TYPES  
OF THOUGHT WITH REFERENCE  
TO SMILES

SMILES the cushions are that soften  
Man's hard knocks that come full often.  
Thru the wrinkles he seems to see  
A goodly world, with which to agree.

Cool and confiding, he seeks his jobs,  
And, careless like, with Fate hobnobs.  
Familiar with the swing of events,  
While working for things, he gets "contents."

He holds large trust in the part that smiles;  
He seeks not trouble, knows no trials.  
By habits of life, he keeps in "tune,"  
And all his days are like a day in June.

A fine philosophy he shows ;  
But of that, forsooth, he little knows.  
And I think 'tis finer in one to live it,  
Than, by fine talk, to others give it !

\* \* \*

A Christian Dogma, howe'er absurd,  
When by the "touching voice" is heard,  
And Reason in the Crowd is broken,—  
It falls, as tho' a god had spoken !

If this you doubt, ask Mrs. Granday,  
And she will tell how Mr. Sunday  
Went to "to the bat" with a half-million call,—  
And, My ! how he made the "sinners" fall !

This modern Samson knows the game ;  
He is not wanted for the souls he saves,—  
That is merely a convenient claim,—  
It's saving CHURCHES from their graves !

Some good folks, with their jealous God,  
Think that "man was made to mourn" ;  
And all are called to "pass under the rod,"  
Because of "the primal sin" they've borne.

All, in answer to this, I would say :  
Go bask in the sun of a West Coast day ;  
Or recall the Divine in the face of your child,  
When it looked up into yours, and SMILED!

From false teaching and bad belief,  
'Tis hard to pry the old world loose ;  
But simple Truth is our relief,—  
To LIVE IT is the only ruse.

We've tired of those who bawl and prate  
About the sinfulness of man,  
While the world goes on at the same old rate  
In Selfishness—despite their "plan."

A plan, that on my brother's blood  
A price and bargain has been laid ;  
And, by faith, that price has stood  
For all the mischief we have made.

For simple Justice and Common Sense,  
Theology was not invented.  
But why, and how, and where, and whence  
This old world caught it—I pass, demented!

Why, the Whitest Soul that was ever infleshed,  
That worked like a Prince, and did not falter,  
Healed, taught, and the multitude refreshed,  
Should lie, like a bullock, on a Pagan altar?

The men and women of the Churches  
God's Children are; I love them;  
But I protest Sectarian work,  
And Warring Creeds above them.

### XIII.

### VIRTUE

"The Lark sings to his desire, not his possession."—*Donius*.

A Harbor I've found  
On the sea of my life,  
Where sunbeams play around,  
And no waves are at strife.  
In my storm-worn bark  
I entered a cove:  
Here I halted to hark;  
And, behold, from a grove  
Was wafted on air,  
A song of the Queen  
Of this harbor, so fair.  
The song and the scene

So blended together,  
In beauty and cheer,  
That none could tell whether  
The eye or the ear  
Was the way to the soul.  
Her glory of face,  
Usurping control;  
That masterful grace,  
The magical light  
Of those wonderful eyes,—  
In a captive's plight,  
I stood with surprise!

\* \* \*

Confessing to this,—  
As captives all should,—  
She gave me a kiss.  
From then I believed  
That my actual state—  
If not badly deceived—  
Was more like a Mate  
To my Lady's Grace,  
Than I dared to have tho't,  
When I first saw her face,  
And her eyes I first caught!

Time, in his flight,  
Has proved our Love true.  
Long, since that night,  
(Between me and you,)  
Her truth without measure,  
My affection most deep,  
We gladly treasure,  
And sacredly keep.  
Her Soul is the scepter  
Controlling my life.  
In my heart have I kept her,  
Thru strenuous strife—  
So EXACTING my Queen!  
But a wiser Companion,  
HAS NO PRINCE EVER SEEN.

"A Romance of Youth!"—  
And then you *smile!*  
But twig you this Truth  
Which is worth you the while?

THE SAME OCEAN THAT LAVES  
YOUR SHORE AND SCENE,  
SHINES IN THE HARBOR  
OF YOUR ONLY QUEEN!

#### XIV.

### DESTINY—SELF-MADE

Stripped for the race in the New Life we stand ;  
The sky is above us, our feet on the land.  
The illusions that bound us can bind us no more ;  
Now we answer the call heard ages before.

Oh, welcome events,—of the day, or the dark ;  
No wind that fills the sail of our bark,  
Can carry us from the place where we shall come,  
For the limitless Universe is our home.

I want not the things withheld from me ;  
In league with Nature's laws, I'm free !  
Free, the guilt of "Special Providence" sought,  
Free to the Aim of Obedience wrought.

I doubt not, nor fear, complain not, nor sigh ;  
What's for me SEEKS me ; I answer, "Here am I."  
Comes nothing in the world, too early, or too late ;—  
Wouldst know PEACE? THEN LEARN TO MAKE THY  
FATE.

## "IN TUNE"


Throughout the Universe Divine,  
A loving chain of sequence runs;  
And when our wills with this intwine,  
We work in league with stars and suns.  
To work the Will Divine, and live  
In harmony with laws and forces,  
A Cosmic Commerce of receive and give!  
At home with worlds, in all their courses,—  
"The Home-feeling" springs in our heart;  
And Conscious that the Whole of Life  
Is dear to us, in every part,  
We Love Mankind,—and cease our strife!

### XV.

## THE VOICE

I have made of one blood all the nations,  
That dwell on the face of the earth,  
To live in the peaceful vibrations  
Of my Children, from hour of their birth.  
You have set them against one another!  
In the midst of their struggle to live,  
You left each in the fear of his Brother,  
While the Law of all Life is to Give.





Your kings and your masters have taken  
My cattle and timber and lands;  
And the earth is now broken and shaken  
By the guns of your battling bands.

I'm tired of your bating and breeding  
My Youth for the altars of Mars,  
Where hunger and thirsting and bleeding  
Fills the sickening scenes of your wars.

Thru the plaster and lath of pretentions  
Will I thrust the rod of my power;  
I will sweep from the earth your inventions,  
That obstruct the Dawn of my Hour.

Your tools of oppresison I'll scatter,  
The Slave and his Mother, be free;  
The thrones of your power, I will shatter,  
And Life shall be large as the Sea.

The Smiles of my Children shall attend it,  
And their songs shall be heard thru the night,  
And the Joy of Life, as intended,  
Shall fill the glad world with its light!

## SOME BLOSSOMS AND COSMIC DUST

"A great American revival is to be the revival of a Spiritual Force in the terms of National life."—*Prof. George H. Boke, University of California.*

Back of the tree was the seed,  
Back of the river, the rill;  
Back of each life and destiny  
Was strewn its good or ill.

If good, the life is a treasure;  
If ill, it means a fight  
For every forward step  
In Competence and Right.

If we could understand  
God's speech in Nature's Laws,  
Our noblest Religion  
Would look to Effect and Cause.

We'd waste less time in asking  
Our Father to forgive,  
And get us down to the Business  
Of learning How to Live.

## IDEALS

Ideals now hold for you those lofty Heights.  
Unwarned, you visit them in spirit flights.  
You know they're there, and may await your hour  
In peace, for Realizing Power.

## INVESTMENTS

Your treasures of Mind  
Are Investments of Soul;  
Securely hold them,  
As the years onward roll.  
You cannot be bankrupt,  
Nor fear a decline,  
For ALL Truth has a place  
In the Market Divine.

## A SONG IN MINOR KEY

'Tis Nature's sacred hour!  
    A golden light  
Is streaming back across  
    The distant hills;  
A peaceful calm pervades  
    My soul tonight,  
For in that Backward flow of light,  
A Symbol of my hope's delight  
    I see, which all my being fills!

\* \* \*

The daylight now is gone,  
    And with its flight  
My Symbol, too, has flown;  
    With it did rest  
Two voiceless Thoughts,  
    For one sweet moment bright,—  
But one has vanished with the light,  
The other (groping in the night),  
    I put to sleep within my breast.

## THE PATIENT AND THE DOCTOR

Sick upon his bed he lays;  
Painful and dreary are his days;  
Fever almost sets him wild,—  
But, with every call, the Doctor smiled.  
Spoke he not of the patient's grief,  
Said nothing of a quick relief:  
Just Smiled into his face, and broke  
A quiet, sympathetic joke!

The Doctor, each repeating morn',  
Repeats the magic of his Smile.  
The patient FEELS new life is born;  
The watchful, skillful Nurse, the while,  
Carries out the Doctor's plan;  
Without knife, or drug, or pill  
Changed the "patient" to a man;  
And healthy and happy he's living still.

## THE ROSES AND THE SUNBEAM

TO A. D. F.

"The senses imprison us."—*Emerson*.

Two roses hung from the self same bush ;  
Not a sound the silence stirred ;  
And, from the heart of the noon-day hush,  
I will tell you what I heard.

One rose said to the other white rose,  
With the echo of a sigh,  
"I wonder where all the perfume goes,  
The breeze takes in passing by."

A wandering gleam of bright sunbeam  
Paused for a moment's space  
To say,—“Down deep in the poet's dream  
Your fragrance has found its place ;

“In what I wrought by the dreamer's tho't  
To flow from his golden pen,—  
To do what the poet knoweth not,  
In the hearts of other men.”

The roses asked of the sunbeam's flood,  
“Where goeth all things fair ?”  
It answered thus: “They return to God ;  
And He dwelleth everywhere.”

O MY COUNTRY!—ARE THEY CRAZY?

O My Country! How can I sing thy songs  
Of Peace in major key, while cruel wrongs  
Are forced upon my Brothers over there,  
Where Brotherhood is mocked, by bloodshed and  
despair?

The ghoulish ghost of Conquest is abroad,  
And holds a Continent in awful spell.  
They forfeit all the progress they have made,  
And turning this fair earth into a hell.  
Their war has quenched their factory fires at home;  
Few there be who can employment give,  
Of heads of homes, but few will e'er return—  
Their kings possess the lives, by which the people live.

O EUROPE! In trust with centuries of Art,—  
Not yours to spoil—belonging to the World,  
For empty glories, your titled sons may boast,  
By you it is into Destruction hurled.

The conquering armies make a Solitude.  
The venal press, forthwith, declare it "Peace!"  
Yes, a gruesome peace, that lies in Death's embrace;  
That stops the pulse of Human Love and Hope,  
And slays the Aspirations of a Race!

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With Thee, sweet Hope,  
Abides the heavenly light,  
That shows us better things  
Beyond this dreadful night.



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## TRUTH QUEST

Did you ever, gentle reader, sun-  
hospitality in our mind. Genius is  
only another word for the power of  
attention to details in human exper-  
iences whether they come from the  
activities of the world surrounding  
us, or from the "imprisoned splendor  
of the soul." Every purposeful con-  
centration of the mind is a thought  
nucleus of force, a vortex of con-  
structive energy. When it becomes  
great and strong enough, it, like the  
sun, attracts to itself, other vortices  
of energy which feed it. Such minds  
become the spiritual light of the  
world for they absorb truth and  
move Godward, for "God is Truth."

SHELDON CLARK,  
Glendale, Cal.

2/26/14

Thornycroft hospital yesterday to un-  
dergo an operation for appendicitis.  
Mr. and Mrs. Paul V. Tuttle, of  
1417 West Broadway, enjoyed a trip  
in their auto to Riverside and Co-  
rona the first of the week.  
The Glendale Union high school  
interclass baseball series which was  
to have opened next Monday has been  
postponed until March 10th.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ashbaugh, of Los  
Angeles, were guests over Tuesday  
in the home of their daughter, Mrs.  
E. H. Willisford, 231 Orange street.  
Mrs. George Meldo Harrison and  
small son, Meldo, of 1557 Myrtle  
street, have returned from a deligh-  
tful visit with friends in San Diego.

**A CITIZEN OF THE COSMIC WORLD**  
Written By Sheldon Clark,  
Author of Smiles and Reflections

---o---

It matters not how goes the battle,  
He suffers for both sides, the sin;  
In wholesome sport he cannot loose,  
Whichever side may win.

The illusions of earth that bound him to  
Now, in his freedom, can bind him no more  
He sails the ocean and views the fair land  
And knows it to be his own home shore.

No wind that fills the sail of his bark  
May take him astray from his 'welcome home'  
For circumstance and all events  
Will guide where he shall surely come.

In tune with infinite law of Life,--  
From guilt of special privilege free,  
He proclaims it thus--to the world of strife  
"I WANT NOT THE THINGS WITHHELD FROM ME"

"I DOUBT NOT, NOR FEAR, COMPLAIN NOT, NOR S  
COMES NOTHING IN LIFE TOO EARLY, NOR LA  
WHAT'S FOR ME--SEEKS ME. HERE AM I!  
WOULDEST THOU KNOW PEACE? THEN FACE THY

## THE PEOPLE'S SENATE

Editor News: Mr. Parker's article published in The News of Thursday, the 2nd instant, on Ex-Senator Culom of Illinois recalled to my mind a song which your correspondent wrote and copyrighted a few years ago at the time of the social rage of millionaire senators in Washington, and I offer it to your readers at this time, without alteration.—S. C. C.

(Words by Sheldon Clark)

Work has filled this land with riches,  
I've been told;  
Work has filled this land with riches,  
Wealth parades in broad cloth breeches,  
But those who MADE it are in "the ditches,"

I have been told.

### CHORUS

The house of lords is crumbling,  
The privileged senate tumbling,  
To the fact that Uncle Sam, tho' grumbling,  
Is boss on the job, after all!

The senate was a lonesome place  
For Statesmen true;  
Millionaires had set the pace,  
Men of worth wern't in the race,  
But saved the state from greed's disgrace,  
And loss untold.

Some who hold are lords of gold,  
Who bought their seats;  
Some who hold, like Romans old,  
Entertain and spend their gold,  
In tens of thousands, for show untold  
When we were sold!

The rich man, lacking statecraft high,  
Must go, I'm told;  
The senate OF and FOR and BY  
The PEOPLE'S CHOICE must hold  
on high  
The Lincoln standard, else we die!  
We have been told.

The people want to vote their man  
For U. S. Senate—  
To make just laws for EVERY man,  
And he will send him BACK again,  
As long's he serves the people's plan,  
LET ALL BE TOLD!

## TO A PALOMAR MOUNTAIN SWIFT—California

The tales within my tent are told;  
The air and sun enchantment hold,  
With charm of scene that I behold,  
And thee, alone, to fit my fancy—  
Thou cunning, saucy little Spright!  
At first your boldness gave me fright,  
But your brown eyelets shining bright  
That calmly meet my own,  
Like some strange thing of human kind,  
Appealing more to heart than mind;  
I withhold my hand, and quickly find  
A comrade in a swift!

An athlete thou, that none surpass,  
On twig, or tree, or in the grass—  
'Tis seldom that the cat can pass  
Or catch thee for her prey.  
Idle boasting is not thy way;  
A darting shadow all the day;  
First here, then there, with naught  
to say

About thy neighbors!  
Oft' reclining in my seat,  
I watch thee play about my feet,  
And smile to see how sure and neat  
You get your living.  
The air supplying life to thee  
Is, also, wafted unto me.  
My heart, with gladness, now can see  
Thou art my little brother.

Thy coat has many colors, seen  
In spring, like opening foliage green,  
Brown, when the summer days have  
been,

And all the year, a sheen,  
Metallic bright, a purple vest,  
You gaily wear upon your breast—  
Robe for a king—but humbly rests  
With catching flies!  
Could I, like thee, possess the power  
To melt into the scene an hour  
Where regal beauty built her bower  
And called thee for her page,  
I'd teach the world to tune its heart  
To chord with universal art,  
And from the keynote ne'er depart,  
A harmony divine!

SHELDON CLARK,

Widening the channel at the entire depth over practically the full width of the normal channel width of 150 feet.

# A MEMORIAL DAY HYMN

TUNE "AMERICA"

(Written by Sheldon C. Clark, Co. I,  
2nd Minn. Inf., N. P. Banks Post,  
No. 170, Glendale, Cal.)

1. Thou Friend of all the free,  
Author of Liberty,  
Who manhood gave;  
Let us our voices raise,  
In reverent, fervent praise,  
For all the brighter days  
Won by our Brave!
2. Though now our heads are white,  
With many a summer's light,  
OLD GLORY WAVES!  
Accept thou, at this hour,  
The incense of each flower,  
Our heart's Memorial dower  
For Comrades' graves.
3. When treason lurked about,  
And some were filled with doubt,  
As where to stand;  
These men, 'mid war's alarms—  
To field they flew in arms—  
And gave their Life, as alms,  
To free this Land!
4. Whether of Gray, or Blue,  
Those Boys, with hearts so true,  
On land or sea,  
With youth and zeal and might,  
With faith and purpose bright,  
Went forth to try the Right  
OF LIBERTY!
5. In memory, too, we'd keep  
Our debt to those who sleep  
On battle fields!  
Unmarked though be their graves,  
They are not trod by slaves,  
And Flag of UNION waves  
Above their shields!
6. O Lord, thy providence  
Is e'er the Truth's defense  
And Freedom's friend;  
O grant that so WE BE,  
And ALL, from sea to sea,  
Love Truth and Live the Free,  
'Till time shall end!

I Thought that "Cops the World"



Man is the umpire of Nature  
and the Master of his Destiny.

—Ariel.

37. The desired widening of channel to form a turning basin 300 feet long, 100 feet into the bank opposite the New York Central Railroad station and dock, and 12 feet deep, implies furnishing turning facilities for the two side-wheel passenger steamers only. As hereinbefore stated, these steamers are now 278 and 290 feet long. They are turned by swinging on a line made fast to the dock, with

A VOICE FROM THE HEIGHTS  
By Sheldon Clark, author of Smiles and Reflections,  
Sawtelle, Cal.

"I have made of one blood all the Nations

~~ments, amounts to about 500,000 tons. In addition to this movement of coal, a large number of passengers are carried, principally by excursion boats to and from Canadian ports.~~



project to narrow the entrance channel to 200 feet by the brush mat-  
tress and stone method as above quoted. This narrowing was so  
strenuously opposed by all parties engaged in the commerce of the  
harbor, largely in the interests of yacht navigation, that the abandon-  
ment of the modified project and resumption of the previous project  
was authorized January 24, 1903. The \$15,000 appropriated was  
subsequently turned over to maintenance under provision of the river  
and harbor act of June 13, 1902.

30. Maintenance of the present project channel, completed in  
August, 1912, 150 feet wide and 20 feet deep at low water, 22.4 feet  
at mean lake level, will probably cost an average of at least \$5,000 per  
year, as compared with an average annual cost of \$3,700 for the  
former 16-foot channel. If the channel was widened to the full  
width of 450 feet between the piers, it is doubtful if the project depth  
could be maintained except by practically continuous dredging, im-  
plying a very large cost.

31. The channel above the piers is a natural self-maintaining river  
channel, commensurate as to width and depth with the artificial chan-  
nel between the piers; widening would, in all probability, alter the  
river regimen so that maintenance would be required of the widened  
channel.

32. The use of the existing channel by lake vessels has not demon-  
strated any inadequate features. No vessels have been reported  
aground or in collision for many years. The freight vessels navigat-  
ing the channel are of the size to pass the Welland Canal locks, which  
are 270 feet long by 45 feet wide. The principal passenger vessels  
are two side-wheelers (one 278 feet long, 62 feet wide over guards,  
and one 290 feet long, 65 feet wide over guards), and one screw pro-  
peller 246 feet long, 42 feet beam. The car-ferry steamer is a pro-  
peller 317 feet long, 54 feet beam. Other vessels navigating the chan-  
nel are small passenger steamers.

33. With the exception of freight vessels transporting coal to  
Ogdensburg, the vessels are practically all foreign and operated by  
foreign corporations. A detailed list of these vessels is given in the  
letter of A. H. Smith, vice president New York Central lines, hereto  
attached. The freight vessels are of not over 18 feet draft, the car  
ferry of 16 feet, and the large passenger vessels of not over 12 feet  
loaded draft.

34. As shown on the chart, the depth of water between the piers  
west of the dredged channel is not less than 10 feet at low water, 12.4  
feet at mean lake level, for a width of 200 feet. This area can be  
freely navigated by small local summer excursion steamers and  
yachts which are of 10 feet, or less, draft.

35. Also, as shown on the chart, the terminal facilities consist of  
four wharves only along a stretch of 7,000 feet of river frontage  
above the bridge. These appear to be sufficient for the existing com-  
merce and indicate that increase in commerce is not yet expected to  
the extent of requiring new terminals.

36. In view of the conditions as above enumerated, it appears that  
the existing channel is sufficient for the existing and prospective  
commerce. No widening of the channel is therefore recommended.

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**Courage and Vanity**

When present perils press you sore  
 And danger sweeps your stormy seas,  
 With spirit, wisely show thou more  
 Of courage and of manly power;  
 But in the idle quiet hour,  
 Reef your sails, lest they shall swell  
 Too much, before a favoring breeze.

—ARIEL.

21. It will be noted that the desired "extension of the jetties" is not at their outer ends lakeward, but at the inner end of the east pier only.

22. Extension of the piers lakeward is, however, considered to be fully provided for in the existing project for improvement, and existing conditions do not indicate any present need of such extension.

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for about 4,000 feet of its length and to about twice its present width  
 for about 7,000 feet of its length.  
 28. The channel conditions are such that narrowing of the piers between the piers has heretofore been seriously considered, as shown

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to teach philosophical subjects in verse, but that you have succeeded, in at least some of your attempts, none can deny. I particularly commend "The Birth of Smiles," "The Hunting Grounds of the Modern Scientist," "The Simple Life

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15. The coal shipment is practically all carried on by the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railroad, from the car-ferry dock and transported, by two lines of shipment; one, about 60 per cent of shipment by car ferry, operated all the year round by the one vessel of the Ontario Car Ferry Co. to Coburg, Canada; and one, about 40 per cent in and out, by passenger steamers, practically constitutes the commerce of the port.

and 100 feet into the bank and at a depth of 12 feet. That this work be carried out as soon as possible in order to accommodate the immediate and pressing needs of the shipping.

Keep in your heart a shrine to  
the Ideal,  
And upon this altar let the fire  
never go out.

---ARIEL

11. The deepening of the entrance channel to 20 feet depth at low water (zero of Oswego gauge) was completed August 9, 1912, 14 feet wide between the piers and 200 feet wide, extending lakeward therefrom to deep water. The draw openings in the bridge crossing the channel are each 135 feet clear width; clear height, 8 feet. The channel is not stable, and extensive dredging is required annually to maintain the project depth.

12. The amount expended on the harbor improvement to November 1, 1912, was \$817,403.53, and the balance then available was \$59,739.60.

13.

Keep in your heart a shrine to  
the Ideal,  
And upon this altar let the fire  
never go out.

---ARIEL

widening the channel, to an extension of the jetties, and to providing

2. Charlotte is the lake port of Rochester, N. Y.; 7 miles north of the Genesee Falls in Rochester; on Lake Ontario, in the mouth of the Genesee River. Above the entrance channel between the United States piers at the mouth the river channel is 16 to 20 feet deep, 100 to 200 feet wide, for about 5 miles. It then becomes shallow, with rapid current, for a distance of about 2 miles, up to the high falls.

3. The lower 2 miles only of the river channel are used or available for commercial navigation purposes, the Genesee (Charlotte Dock Co.) coal trestle being at the upper limit. Above this limit the high bluff banks of the river and occupation, especially on the west side, as private residence property, are obstructive to development of water terminals and access thereto by railroad or wagon road. 4. The locality is shown in general on the index map<sup>1</sup> and harbor details on the harbor map<sup>2</sup> hereto attached; also shown on United States Lake Survey charts; Lake Ontario coast charts No. 3 and No. 4; Charlotte Harbor, N. Y., index No. 241.

5. In its original condition there was a bar between Lake Ontario and the natural deep-water pool in the river, on which the depth of water was about 8 feet. The river pool terminates at the inner end of the now existing United States piers.

6. The original project of 1829 was to secure a channel 12 feet deep across the bar by constructing parallel piers to confine and direct the action of the spring freshets. The project of 1882 was to obtain a depth of 15 feet by extending the two piers a total of 3,250 feet and by dredging. After the piers had been extended 1,444 feet the project was modified July 18, 1896, to preserve the depth by dredging without further extension of the piers for the present, and March 2, 1897, it was again modified to obtain and maintain not less than 16 feet and not more than 16½ feet at low water (zero of Oswego gauge) in a channel not more than 200 feet wide.

7. By the river and harbor act of June 25, 1910, the project was further modified, in accordance with plan printed in House Document No. 342, Sixty-first Congress, second session, so as to obtain a depth of 20 feet below low water (zero of the Oswego gauge), which is 244.12 feet above mean tide at New York City, so as to be at all times available for use by vessels drawing 18 feet, at an estimated cost of \$41,800.

8. The existing project, adopted 1882, with modifications to date, is to obtain and maintain a channel of 20 feet depth at low water (zero of the Oswego gauge), 150 to 200 feet wide, and to maintain the piers without further extension for the present.

9. The piers are nearly parallel, about 450 feet apart. The west pier is 3,616 feet long, projecting 2,230 feet beyond the lake shore line. The inner 500 feet south from Beach Avenue now consists of the timber crib work under water only, the superstructure not having been maintained thereon for many years, because not necessary. The east pier is 3,109 feet long, projecting 2,200 feet beyond the lake shore line.

10. Replacing of old timber superstructure on both piers with concrete superstructure has been in progress since 1903, and up to the

## THE BOARD OF ENGINEERS FOR RIVERS AND HARBORS,

September 23, 1913.

To the CHIEF OF ENGINEERS, UNITED STATES ARMY:

1. As the result of survey, the district officer submits estimates for:

(a) Excavating a turning basin 300 feet long, 100 feet into the bank, and 12 feet deep at low water, with 500 linear feet of bulkhead, \$15,000; the same without bulkhead, \$3,800; maintenance in either case, \$100 per annum.

(b) Proposed channel 150 feet wide from inner pool to station 16, west pier, increasing to 400 feet wide, station 16 to 21; 400 feet wide, station 21 to deep water in lake. Depth 20 feet at low water, zero Oswego gauge, \$32,000; maintenance, \$15,000. These estimates are based upon contract prices. If work is done by United States plant, the cost may be reduced to \$20,000 for excavation and \$10,000 for maintenance.

2. For reasons fully explained in report on preliminary examination and in his report on survey, the district officer expresses the opinion that the existing channel is sufficient for present and prospective commerce, and no further widening of the channel is recommended.

3. With reference to the turning basin, it appears that the land necessary to be excavated will be deeded to the Government without cost, provided the Government will build and maintain suitable bulkhead walls to retain the upland after the excavations have been made. The district officer adheres to the opinion expressed in his report on preliminary examination to the effect that Charlotte Harbor is worthy of improvement by the United States to the extent only of excavating the desired turning basin, exclusive of bulkhead, and provided that the uplands necessary therefor be furnished, the land sides of the basin reverted or bulkheaded to hold them, and the basin wholly maintained after excavation; all without cost to the United States.

4. The board's views on the subject of the improvement of this harbor are fully expressed in its report of January 27, 1913, on the preliminary examination, and these views are not changed by the results of the survey. The board therefore adheres to the opinion therein expressed that it is not advisable for the United States to undertake any additional improvement at Charlotte Harbor at this time.

For the board:

W. C. LANGFITT,

Lieutenant Colonel, Corps of Engineers,

Senior Member Present.

## PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION OF CHARLOTTE HARBOR, N. Y.

UNITED STATES ENGINEER OFFICE,

Buffalo, N. Y., November 29, 1912.

From: The District Engineer Officer.

To: The Chief of Engineers, United States Army.

Subject: Report on preliminary examination of Charlotte Harbor, N. Y.

1. In compliance with instructions in department letter dated August 3, 1912, I submit report as follows on preliminary examination:

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